THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 10, 1809.

Celebration of the Assembly of the Minstrels at Kray Castle, in Wales.

[From John de Lancaster, a Novel, just published, by Richard Cumberland, Esq.]

WHEN the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall were thrown open; a scaffolding, containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old de Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus of harps, joining in the popular air—

"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on them for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed amongst them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penruth Abbey, and David Williams, of Kray Castle, as yet unheard. In these celebrated performers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the opinions of the country were divided between them. Though rivals in art, they were brothers in misfortune, for both were bereft of sight—"Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides.

After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man, with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast, and habited in a long black mantle of thin stuff, bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour.

Before he took the seat, that was provided for him, he stopped, and made a profound obeisance to the company; his daughter in the mean time, modest, timid, and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling and on the point to faint; her brother stood aghast and helpless; the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the men were rising from their seats, when John de Lancaster, whose only monitor was his heart, leaped on the stage, and sprung to her relief; she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company, who cheered him with a loud applause.

Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he threw his hand over the strings, and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days; he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight, Sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, page 86, edited by Doctor Watts in the year 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of poetry and music; the date is that of the reign of King Stephen, and in the wars of that period Sir Owen had very valourously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave, amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transitions of his harmony, that he seemed almost to realize those fearful yellings, groanings, and thunderings, recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period, where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the dæmons, the movement, which had before been turbulent, irregular, and excursive, became solemn, flowing, and majestic; but when in conclusion, Sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming

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ing paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations, which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the voice of the communicative angel was yet dwelling on his ear.

At length De Lancaster rose up, and addressing himself to the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly Christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman, Sir Owen ap Owen might justly boast of.

This speech was followed by a thundering applause; the exulting minstrel made his valedictory obeisance, and withdrew.

Sir Owen in the mean time whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book, and of course he conceived it must be all true.

David Williams now remained to ascend the stage, and close the entertainment. He was ushered in, habited in a loose vest or mantle of white cloth with open sleeves, which he had tucked up, leaving his arms bare; it was bound about his waist with a broad belt of orange-tawney silk, and upon his breast he wore a medal, on which the device of the winged harp was conspicuously displayed; a fillet of the same colour with his belt confined his white locks, and when he had arranged himself in his seat, and begun to touch his harp, all was silence and attentive expectation.

At length, rolling his sightless eye-balls in a kind of poetic phrensy, he began his song from Noah; he sung the destructive visitation of the general deluge; he chaunted the praises of King Samothes, and the splendour of his court; he then took a martial strain, and, smiting his harp with all the fire of an enthusiast, sung the triumphs of the giant son of Neptune, who entailed the trident of his father on his new-named Albion to all posterity. The animating subject seized the passions of the hearers, and the applause was loud and clamourous.

When this subsided, the minstrel chose a melancholy theme; his head drooped upon his harp, and his fingers moved languidly over the strings, whilst in a slow and mournful strain he chaunted the sad fate of Bladud—

"Fallen from his tow'ring flight,
And welt'ring in his blood."

During the movement all were silent, when at once the harp was heard to break forth into a melody of the most gay and joyous character, inviting all present to festivity and good fellowship, and invoking blessings on the hospitable and time-honoured house of De Lancaster.

The harp now ceased, and the several minstrels, as well those who had attended and were unheard, as those who had performed, being assembled on the platform, Robert de Lancaster, the venerable patron and projector of the entertainment, stood up in his place, and addressed himself to speak as follows:—

"Gentlemen, who have so highly gratified us with your excellent performances, and you also, who, if time had permitted, would have increased that gratification; masters and professors of that science, which is at once so dignified and so delightful, I offer you, on the part of all here present, the tribute of our unanimous acknowledgments, and our unqualified approbation and applause. We beg you will be pleased to share our praises amongst you; we do not presume to apportion them according to your respective merits. And now, friends, neighbours, and countrymen, who have done me the honour to accept my invitation to this our domestic eistedfodd, you have heard the lay of our minstrel David Williams, and although, for brevity's sake, he took it up from the deluge only, yet, if you do not already know, you ought now to be informed, that this unconquered soil whereon we dwell, was in times antecedent to that visitation as fully peopled, and arts and sciences were as happily cultivated here as within any spot upon the habitable globe. If therefore in the recitation of the lay which I allude to, mention of that early time was omitted to be made, it was not because records are wanting of sufficient authenticity to illuminate the subject, forasmuch as not a few of those, who lived before the flood, have spoken for themselves, and their words and works have descended to us through the lapse of ages. Witness those treatises upon natural magic, which Ham, the son of Noah, when in the ark with his father, possessed himself of, and having bequeathed them to his son Misraim, were afterwards made public to the great edification of the repeopled world. Nay, gentlemen, let me assure you, there are those who trace the origin of the Chrysopeia, or art of making gold, even up to Adam himself, who in a tract of his own composing, (after the fall we will suppose) expounds that curious process.

"I lay this before you, friends and countrymen, knowing that there are few amongst you who do not trace your pedigrees up to the ante-diluvian ages, and I rest what I have said upon sound authorities that you, being true and ancient Britons, may have wherewithal to defend your derivations from

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your father, Adam, if any there may be, obstinate and absurd enough to dispute them.

"I shall now trespass on your time no longer than whilst I express my hope that you, my gallant countrymen, who have held the tenure of this soil from ages so remote, will persevere to defend it through ages yet to come from all invaders foreign and domestic."

MARIAN LITLE:

A TALE.

(Concluded from Page 535.)

IN order to turn Marian's thoughts into a pleasanter channel, Mrs. Wilmot proposed to her friend, Lady Delafons, to take charge of Marian in her purposed journey to London; supposing that a complete change of scene would be the most effectual cure for her beloved girl's malady.

Lady Delafons, who was about to visit her daughter, from whom she had been parted nearly six years, was equally anxious with Mrs. Wilmot to have Marian as her companion.

The separation between Mrs. Wilmot and her protegée was truly afflicting. The latter intreated to be informed of every event that happened in the family; and should illness assail her dear Mrs. Wilmot, she would lose no time in returning to Scotland, and endeavour to repay those cares she had so often received from her.

When the chaise drove from the door, and the gates at the lodge closed on her, Marian felt herself truly abandoned. Who now would view her little accomplishments partially, and deem them perfect? Who now would commend her ready zeal to serve and love them? Whose purse would now be opened to supply the liberality of her heart, in relieving the indigent and succouring the distressed? Marian saw that Lady Delafons was not the person from whom she could hope for either of these comforts. Her's was a cold, selfish character, and was sufficiently depicted on her countenance, saying to beholders—"No entrance here; my heart is impenetrable!"

With a mind much disturbed by unpleasing sensations, Marian arrived with Lady Delafons at Mrs. Mollineux's house, in Manchester-square. Mrs. M. received her mother with great affection, and shook Marian by the hand with the friendly warmth of a sister. Soon perceiving her young guest's depression and fatigue, she led her to an apartment, which she desired her to consider herself absolute mistress of, as of her time, during her abode in town.

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After passing three or four days in seclusion, to recover from the fatigue of her unaccustomed exertion, Marian found herself quite at home in Mrs. Mollineux's mansion; and regarded that lady with great affection. Very unlike her mother, indeed, was Mrs. Mollineux; all gentleness and amiability, with a soul alive to the tenderest sympathies of nature, it was her happiness to endeavour to make that of others.

In her person she was beautiful, and "of the first order of fine forms." Her harmonious countenance exhibited such a fund of good humour and philanthropy, that most people were prepossessed, at first sight, in her favour; nor were the more rigid, on a nearer view, disappointed. Her soul appeared to be a volume laid bare for the inspection of the world; no thought nor wish did she disguise. She was generous to an excess; and, if dress add advantages to beauty, she had it in her power to avail herself of it; but she was always fashionable, and never superfluous in her choice. Universal adulation excited in her no emotion; whether at a ball she danced with a prince, a peer, or a commoner, she was alike distinguished by modest dignity, and a polite address; and, either from being insensible of her charms, or unconscious of their power, she quitted the circle, where the eager gaze of curiosity scrutinized her actions, and the busy eye of the malignant watched her, unsubdued by their potent effects.

The husband, whom providence had chosen to accompany her in her path of life, was as nearly affianced to her in virtue. His heart and his purse were ever open to the calls of distress; and if he sometimes chanced to be imposed on by the specious tale of artificial misery, he felt recompensed by the consciousness that he had endeavoured to do his duty; thinking, with the wise Dr. Johnson, "that, as it is necessary not to invite robbery, by supineness; so it is better to be sometimes cheated, than not to trust." Many charities saw only the initial letters of his name accompany the liberal donation; many a small debtor in the Fleet was warmed, released, and fed, by this munificent patron of the indigent. "Long may he live!" said Marian; "and Heaven, by prospering his worldly efforts, increase his inclination to bestow sun-shine upon the clouded countenances of his poor brethren; so shall he heap up a treasure, where the rust corrupteth not."

After Marian and Lady Delafons had passed about a month in London, and seen most of its curiosities, it was proposed by Mrs. Molineux, as the weather was intensely warm, to make an excursion into Devonshire. Lady Delafons, who to her other qualities added shameful parsimony, even in what related to her own gratification, disliked the proposition; but on Mrs. Mollineux's assurance that no part of the travelling expences should devolve on her, the old lady ceased to hesitate. Accordingly,

dingly, on the 12th of July they left London; and having stopped a few days in Exeter to view the cathedral, and enjoy some of the fine rides in its vicinity, the party arrived in safety at the Fountain Inn, Plymouth-Dock.

The party found the excursion a most agreeable one, and visited every curiosity the neighbourhood afforded, after which they returned to London.

On Marian's arrival in Manchester-square, she found a large packet from Scotland, which had been some days in waiting for her. She was on the point of retiring to open it, when Mrs. Mollineux interdicted the pleasure. "My dear Marian must excuse me," said she, "if I insist upon becoming the possessor of that packet for to-night. In the morning I will relinquish it; and then my sweet friend will have leisure to peruse it, and consider its contents; but I cannot consent that your rest shall be broken the first night you return to sleep under my roof." Marian with reluctant obedience gave up the packet, and, taking leave of Mrs. Mollineux, retired to rest.

Mrs. M. who had in the mean time become apprized of the contents of Marian's packet, fulfilled her promise of delivering it as soon as she arose. Judging it proper to damp the joy which overspread Marian's countenance at sight of her treasure, Mrs. Mollineux hinted, that she hoped it would confirm the wishes so multiplied for her friend's health; but that if she should find things did not go on so happily in Scotland, as when she last heard from thence, she should reflect that Mrs. Wilmot was old and infirm. Marian started back; and, catching Mrs. Mollineux by the hand, exclaimed—"O! tell me in a word what has happened; is my dear Mrs. Wilmot dead?" The silence of Mrs. Mollineux confirmed her fears. Marian fainted, and lay for some hours in almost total insensibility. At length, on recovering, she wept abundantly over the precious packet, which contained a farewell letter from her patroness, written soon after her illness commenced; and inclosing the policy of insurance by which she was to receive her legacy.

These tender memorials of parting friendship greatly affected Marian's spirits; and it was long ere she resumed her accustomed gaiety. John Wilmot's remembrance had been long obliterated; at least the sentiment she had denominated affection for him; but the decease of Mrs. Wilmot had revived in her memory the endearing scenes of her youth—"Love long forgotten; tender friendship past." The recurrence was painful and dangerous. Her income was too limited for independence; and, although Mrs. Mollineux attempted by every kind act to win her consent to remain an inmate of her roof, she determined on rejecting the well-meant kindness, and finally prevailed upon Mrs. Mollineux to obtain for her the situation of governess, or companion, in some respectable family.

In the former pursuit she was successful; and on her quitting them Mr. Mollineux obliged her to accept a present of 50l. to replenish her wardrobe; and she became instructress in a family just returned from India.

In that situation, which commenced under very favourable auspices, Marian did not remain long; as mutual dislike on the part of herself and her employers embittered the hours, which would otherwise have been past not unpleasantly with the children, who were affectionate and good-humoured. The youngest, which was the mamma's particular favourite, one day offended Marian, and she thought it necessary to disgrace her. The mode of punishment was very light; but the mamma, on discovering her daughter's culpability, testified her displeasure by a very severe punishment.

From that day Marian dated a change of conduct towards herself, which was humiliating in the extreme; and very improper language being used respecting her, before her pupils, determined Marian on quitting the family immediately; so with heart oppressed by insult, scorn, and deceit, she returned to Mrs. Mollineux—"the canker-worm preying on the withering fibres of her heart."

The friendly soothings of Mrs. Mollineux were successfully exerted to blunt the asperity of Marian's feelings; and in time she was consoled.

As scenes of courtship are truly uninteresting in relation, it will be here only necessary to say that she was addressed by a very worthy clergyman, a native of North Wales. As there was no reasonable ground of objection to the union, Marian listened to the advice of her friends, and accepted the offer.

Mr. Jones's benefice was in Flintshire, where for some years her life passed away happily. Industry, frugality, and an affectionate husband, bestowed once more on Marian the blessing of a peaceful mind. She had several children, whom she trained in habits of industry and virtue; and taught them to know no wants, but what themselves could supply.

Mrs. Jones confined her instructions in learning to the most simple rules, feeling perfectly assured that fashionable and superficial accomplishments are very inadequate to afford pleasure to the possessors, if death should rob them of their parents, or the common calamities of life reduce them to the necessity of suing for any situation that might offer to give them their daily bread. It is not the memory of the applause, acquired by a superior skill in the arts and sciences, that will afford balm to the mind, when it is lacerated by neglect and scorn. No, no; Marian's rules were directed to inform them of the science of self-knowledge—the only science humanity ought to be proud of.

Marian's family had increased to six children, and her affairs were apparently flourishing, when a dark cloud suddenly overspread them.

Mr. Jones's agent in town, to whom he had consigned the produce of his farm, and entrusted with the care of Marian's little fortune, became a bankrupt; so small a sum was recoverable by Mr. Jones, that he was under the necessity to sell his stock, household furniture, &c. and to sequestrate his living, to pay his creditors.

Reduced to the scanty pittance of a Welch curacy, Mr. Jones found himself, with a young and helpless family, in danger of losing his amiable wife. Her health gave way to these repeated shocks, and her life became the forfeit. Her husband and children were deeply affected by this additional and irreparable misfortune, and had to struggle with great difficulties.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

[From Ackermann's Repository of Arts, Fashions, Manufactures, &c.]

OPERA DRESS.

A Round convent robe of Egyptian brown tissue, worn over a white satin under-dress, ornamented at the feet, and round the bosom and sleeves, with a broad antique lace, put on rather full, and brought to the narrowest dimensions in front of the bosom. White satin appliqued stomacher, embellished with gold lattice-work, and continued in a straight line down the front of the robe to the feet. Head-dress, a gold net caul, inclosing the hair behind, and finished in front with a Mechlin veil of uncommon delicacy, disposed in graceful negligence, so as to display the hair on the forehead, and falling over the left shoulder. Necklace and armlets composed of a single row of fine Bohemian pearl, with topaz or diamond snaps. A Grecian scarf of rich Andalusian silk, happily contrasted with the colour of the robe, and wrought at the ends in a deep Tuscan border of gold or coloured silks. White satin slippers, trimmed with brown foil or gold. Gloves of French kid. Opera fan of white crape, decorated with a border of jessamine.

PROMENADE DRESS.

A round high frock of fine French cambric, or the most delicate plain muslin, trimmed at the feet, wrists, and throat, with a fine vandyke lace; the bosom formed in alternate stripes

of footing lace and needle work. A Tyrolese cloak of shaded lilac sarsnet, edged with Venetian binding, and terminated with a trimming of broad white lace, put on full. A double frill of the same round the throat, clasped in front with silver or cut steel. The hair dressed compact, in the Grecian style. A veil a la Maltese, of the most transparent texture, edged in rich vandyke, is thrown with simple elegance over the whole, softening the countenance which it partially displays. Sometimes the head is covered with a small French cap of silk, the same as the cloak, or of a well-contrasted colour. Parasol to correspond with the cloak, with deep white Chinese awning. Slippers of the same, or of lemon-coloured kid. Gloves, Limerick or York tan.

FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

FULL DRESS.

The most fashionable colours for coats are olive green, dark blue, and black, with covered buttons, long waists, broad at the bottom, and short in the skirts, double breasted, with pointed lappels, corresponding in length with the hip buttons. The collar is worn high behind, and to come down low in front. Sleeves long, with round cuffs, and pockets under the cross flaps. White marcella waistcoat, and light coloured single kerseymere breeches, worn long.

MORNING OR WALKING DRESS.

Mixed, bottle green, vandyke brown, and Spanish blue, are the most prevailing colours for morning coats. They are made in every respect as the dress coats, except that they have gilt basket buttons, sleeves with slits and three buttons, and pockets in the plaits of the skirts. Waistcoat, shawl pattern, and various striped marcellas; light-coloured double-milled kerseymere pantaloons and half boots, or nankeen trowsers and gaiters.

We must not omit noticing in this place an ingenious article just invented, called Key's* travelling waistcoat, which, by folding, answers the purpose of two waistcoats. It may be made either single or double-breasted, and of any article.

* The name of the inventor.

PETTICOAT-LANE.

PETTICOAT-LANE extends from Whitechapel into Spitalfields. On both sides of this lane were anciently hedges and

and rows of elm trees, and the pleasantness of the neighbouring fields induced several gentlemen to build their houses here, among whom was the Spanish ambassador, whom Strype supposes to be Gondomar; but at length many French refugees settling in that part of the lane near Spitalfields, in order to follow their trades, which in general was weaving of silk, it soon became a row of contiguous buildings. Some years ago, it was the chief residence of the horners, who prepared horns for other petty manufacturers. (London and its Environs described.)

On the INCONVENIENCES *of* BEAUTY.

" Under how hard a fate are women born!
Priz'd to their ruin, or expos'd to scorn.
If they want beauty, they of love despair.
And are besieg'd, like frontier towns, if fair."

IT is equally unfortunate for a woman to be handsome or ugly. If nature has denied her those charms which are considered as the principal ornaments of her sex, and which, indeed, are all that some men seek for, nothing but a miracle can save her from that odium and contempt, which is generally, though very unjustly, cast on single women, in the evening of their lives. What wonder is it, therefore, if such women, in a late period of life, and under such circumstances, should be sometimes found to be a little peevish and morose?

It has, however, been observed, that ordinary women, when they have the good fortune to get well married, generally make good wives. This may be probably owing to a sense of their deficiency of external perfections, which induces them to endeavour to return the generosity of their husbands, by sweetness and affability of manners and conversation.

On the other hand, how dangerous is the possession of beauty, unless accompanied by an uncommon share of virtue, prudence, and discretion! A lovely face and graceful shape never fail to attract a multitude of admirers, and it is a great chance, indeed, but that the tender female bosom will inhale so large a portion of the poison of flattery, as to destroy every growing mental perfection. Every time she looks in the glass, she discovers new charms in her face and person; and as these are the only cause of the adoration she receives, her whole thoughts are employed night and day to improve them.

With a disposition thus tainted in her early age, the love of flattery increases as she advances in life; and, as she never studied properly to put on the frown of virtue, or to resist the attacks of flattery and dissimulation, she will have good luck

indeed, if she escape the snares laid for her by the lewd and treacherous. What advantage do those females possess who wisely consider beauty, with

" Innocence
Conceal'd, to be the stol'n treasure of the gods;
Which never ends in shame, as that of men
Doth oft times do; but, like the sun, breaks forth,
When it hath gratified another world,
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More glorious thro' its late obscurity."

Admitting, however, that a female escape the numerous snares that are laid for her, and become the married woman, yet here will be an end to the empire of adulation and flattery, when she must no longer listen to that language which before formed the principal delight of her heart. Thus the admirable caution given by our poet Thomson is applicable, when he says,

" Nor in the bower
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man."

For should he marry you merely for your beauty, a short time will destroy the idol, and nothing permanent will remain.

A beautiful wife without internal perfections, is like a most sumptuous and magnificent piece of furniture in a room, which contains nothing but broken glasses, chairs, and tables, and those of the coarsest materials.

Nature has undoubtedly distributed her bounties with a more impartial hand than we are generally willing to allow. If she has given incomparable beauty to one woman, she has perhaps lowered that gift by the alloy of vanity, folly, pride, and affectation; and if she has denied to another every external accomplishment, she has perhaps compensated that defect, by greatness of soul, a love of honour, and an union of all the perfections of female virtue.

That such is the case, I believe, will be acknowledged by every one who has made any observations on what passes in the commerce of this world; and I would strenuously advise my fair country-women to reflect upon all the disadvantages attending their various situations in life, and to adopt the wise and excellent maxim, so admirably set forth by E. Haywood, in the following lines:

" Who in the paths of virtue perseveres,
Has nought to apprehend from impious men."

I fear, however, the generality of parents, naturally too fond of their pretty daughters, often lay the foundation of their ruin in their early years, by making their children place too much value on external accomplishments. Instead of perpetually reminding little miss how pretty she is, would it not be infinitely better to make her sensible, that beauty is the mere gift of chance, and of which even chance may deprive her before it reaches its bloom?

Nothing can be so terrible to a woman, as the situation of a decayed beauty; and hence it is, that we see so many at the age of sixty dressed up in the fashion of sixteen. Would not these toothless misses do better, were they to endeavour to teach the rising female generation, that beauty, like a flower, blooms but for a short time, and is often plucked before it comes to maturity; and that she who neglects to improve her understanding in the early part of her life, will, in the evening of her days, become a mere "sounding tabor, or a tinkling cymbal?"

Your's, &c.

June 4, 1809. J. H. R.

Character of the Rev. George Whitfield, the celebrated Preacher.

By the late Rev. CORNELIUS WINTER.

HE used too much severity to young people, and required too much from them. He connected circumstances too humiliating with public services, in a young man with whom he could take liberty; urging that it was necessary as a curb to the vanity of human nature, and referred to the young Roman orators, who after being exalted by applauses, were sent upon the most trifling errands. His maxim was, if you love me you will serve me disinterestedly; hence he settled no certain income, or a very slender one upon his dependents, many of whom were sycophants, and while they professed to serve him, under-handedly served themselves effectually. Under this defect his charity in Georgia was materially injured; owing to the wrong conduct of some who insinuated themselves into his favour by humouring his weakness, and letting him act and speak without contradiction. He was impatient of contradiction; but this is a fault to be charged upon almost all great people. I could mention some. He was not happy in his wife, but I fear some who had not all the religion they professed contributed to his infelicity. He did not intentionally make his wife unhappy. He always preserved great decency and decorum in his conduct towards her. Her death set his mind much at liberty. She certainly did not behave in all respects

as she ought. She could be under no temptation from his conduct towards the sex, for he was a very pure man, a strict example of the chastity he inculcated upon others. No time was to be wasted; and his expectations generally went before the ability of his servants to perform his commands.

He was very exact to the time appointed for his stated meals; a few minutes delay would be considered a great fault. He was irritable, but soon appeased. Not patient enough one day to receive a reason for his being disappointed under a particular occurrence, he hurt the mind of one who was studious to please; he discovered it by the tears it occasioned, and on reflection, he himself burst into tears, saying, "I shall live to be a poor peevish old man, and every body will be tired of me." He frequently broke the force of his passion by saying, "How could you do so, I would not have served you so." He never commanded haughtily, and always took care to applaud when a person did right. He never indulged parties at his table; a select few might now and then breakfast with him, dine with him on a Sunday, or sup with him on a Wednesday night. In the latter indulgence he was scrupulously exact to break up in time. In the height of a conversation I have known him abruptly say—"But we forget ourselves," and rising from his seat, and advancing to the door, add—"Come, gentlemen, it is time for all good folks to be at home." Whether only by himself, or having but a second, his table must have been spread elegantly, though it produced but a loaf and a cheese. He was unjustly charged with being given to appetite. His table was never spread with variety. A cow heel was his favourite dish, and I have known him cheerfully say, "How surprised would the world be, if they were to peep upon Doctor Squintum, and see a cow heel only upon his table!" He was neat to the extreme in his person and every thing about him. Not a paper must have been out of place, or put up irregularly. Each part of the furniture must have been likewise in its place before we retreated to rest. He said he did not think he should die easy, if he thought his gloves were out of their place. There was no rest after four in the morning, nor sitting up after ten in the evening. He never made a purchase but he paid the money immediately; for small articles the money was taken in the hand. He was truly generous, and seldom denied relief. More was expected from him than was meet. He was tenacious in his friendship, and when the transition of providence moved from prosperity to adversity, he moved with it to abide by his friend. He felt sensibly when he was deserted, and would remark, "The world and the church ring changes." Disappointed by many, he had not sufficient confidence in mankind; and from hence I believe it was, he dreaded the thought of outliving his usefulness. He often dined among

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his friends, usually connected a comprehensive prayer with his thanksgiving when the table was dismissed, in which he noticed particular cases relative to the family, and never protracted his visit long after dinner. He appeared often tired of popularity, and said, he almost envied the man who could take his choice of food at an eating house, and pass unnoticed. He apprehended he should not glorify God in his death by any remarkable testimony, and was desirous to die suddenly.

RECENT ERUPTION *of* MOUNT ETNA.

THE following short account of this alarming visitation is copied from a letter received from Messina, dated April 15, 1809.

"On Tuesday the 27th of March, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the mountain were frightened by repeated and violent shocks of an earthquake. These were soon followed by immense volumes of ashes and other volcanic matter thrown up from the mouth of the crater to a great height, so as to darken the sky, and to fill all the environs with ashes, Messina not excepted. At this moment the city is covered with the cinders. This dry rain lasted five hours and a half. This, however, was only a prelude.

"On the 28th, towards evening, the fiery matter forced its way through two apertures below the crater, and was thrown up to a prodigious height. The flames and red hot stones, &c. afforded a most sublime spectacle.

"On the 29th, and following days, upwards of twenty different apertures were formed in different parts of the mountain, from all which the eruptions of fire and stones in all directions were tremendous. Streams of red hot lava ran down profusely, and in their descent destroyed every thing at a touch. A fine chesnut wood, several extensive olive plantations and vineyards, became instantly a prey to the liquid element. Upwards of twelve square miles are inundated by the fiery torrent. Of the many apertures, two in particular continued vomiting fire and lava for several days, and caused the greatest damage. No lives have been lost, although the village of Lingua Glossa had nearly been destroyed; a stream of lava approached it within two miles, and would have reached it in its descent, had it not stopped of its own accord. At first the lava travelled at the rate of one yard per minute; about a week ago its velocity had been reduced to one or two feet per hour. It is about six miles down the mountain; some of its channels are half a mile in breadth and 60 to 80 feet deep. Several new mountains have been formed on the base of the old one.

" We are not without fear that this was not the last act of the tremendous conflagration. No exact estimate has as yet been formed of the damage occasioned by the eruption; but the extent and value of the landed property destroyed by it must be very great, and a number of families who solely subsisted on the produce of their fields, have been reduced to a state of absolute beggary."

HERCULANEUM.

THIS celebrated place was situated on a point of land stretching into the gulph of Naples, about two miles distant from that city, nearly where the modern towns of Portici and Resina, and the royal palace, which separates both, now stand. The neck of land on which it stood, and which is now no more, formed a small harbour. Hence the appellation of Herculis Porticum sometimes given to Herculaneum, and thence, probably, the modern name of Portici. The latter, indeed, I am informed, is absolutely above some of the excavations of Herculaneum; and the just fear of endangering the safety of Portici by undermining it, is stated as one of the principal reasons of the little progress hitherto made in the Herculaneum discoveries. It would certainly be carrying classic zeal too far to risk the existence of a flourishing modern town for the sake of exploring one already in ruins, at the depth of 60 feet and upwards below the other.

This apparent submersion and total change in the face of the country, may naturally be attributed to the repeated accumulation of ashes, sand, and other volcanic matter, thrown out from Mount Vesuvius. But not only does Herculaneum lie so much below the present surface of the land, it is even considerably lower than the level of the sea, which latter, therefore, must have risen greatly since its destruction. The former extent and importance of this town may be judged of by the size of its beautiful theatre and forum; and if we were inclined to give to an inscription found there in red chalk on a wall, the same credit as some Neapolitan antiquaries, and even Winckelmann have done, we should allow that a place which boasted of nine hundred taverns or public-houses, could not but have been of considerable magnitude.

REFLECTION.

THE rapidity of the flight of time cannot be too often thought of, as it should make us prepare for an entrance into eternity.

CURIOUS DRINKING HORN.

THERE is now at Penrhyn Castle, the picturesque seat of Lady Penrhyn, in North Wales, in high preservation, an elegant hirlas, or drinking horn, tipped with sculptured silver, and decorated with a most beautiful chain of excellent workmanship, the dimensions of which are as follow: the diameter of the semicircle thirteen inches and a quarter; the whole line of the semicircle twenty-one inches and an half; the diameter of the drinking end two inches and an half; the diameter of the blowing end rather above five-eighths, and it will contain about half a pint.

By the initials, and a crest, curiously wrought upon the horn, it appears to have belonged to Sir Rhys Gruffydd, and was afterwards in the possession of his son, Sir Piers Gruffydd, a distinguished naval officer, who shared in the honour of defeating the Spanish armada, and who also made himself conspicuous in several other valiant actions. He died about the close of the fifteenth century.

This valuable horn was found many years ago in removing some rubbish close to the tower of the old mansion, from the top of which, probably, it had been dropped, or lost, because, in those days, every chief lord of a district possessed a similar horn, which occasionally was blown from the upper turret of the palace, as a signal to call his vassals together in case of danger.

AN ANECDOTE.

OLYMPIAS, the mother of Alexander, hearing that her son had lain a considerable time unburied, said, with violent bewailings, and heavy groans: "What shalt thou, my son, who aspired to heaven, and ardently pursued thy aim, shalt thou want what the meanest men obtain, a grave, and burial?" Thus she lamented her own calamity, and reproved the empty pride of her son.

A QUESTION, *by J. C. Hurst, of Wareham.*

A Certain pedestrian engages to walk from London to a certain place in nine successive days, and to go ten miles the first day, and to increase each day's journey by an equitable excess, in order that the last day's journey shall be fifty miles: Hence each day's journey is required, and how far distant the place is from London.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to Vigil's Rebus, inserted May 8.

BY your dark rebus I'll engage,
You meant the MARGIN of this page.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Melhuish, of Honiton; and H. B. of Bridgewater.

Answer, by J. Ball, at Evershot School, to W. Petherick's Anagram, inserted May 8.

VINES are the trees, transpose the same,
The island, NEVIS, then 'twill name:
Change I for U, transpose with care,
The beauteous VENUS will appear.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; and J. French, at Evershot school.

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to J. Treadwin's Charade, inserted the 15th of May.

YOUR well-connected lines 'tis clear
Do make the WINDLASS, Sir, appear.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Ball and J. French, at Evershot school; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. C. junior, of Ottery; T. Pearse, and S. Palmer, of Chard; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. P. of Tiverton; J. Woodman, North Curry; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Price, of Yeovil; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. W. Jones, and G. W. Jones, of North Petherton; W. Lawrence, and R. Withall, of Plymouth; Owen Josper; William Kent, near Camelford; J. Miller, of Exmouth; and J. C. Hurst.

A REBUS, *by T. P. of Chard.*

MY first's a tree that's of great use,
Which must in transposition shine;
A proposition then produce,
If you would wish my whole to find.
In milder climes my whole is seen,
And doth in great perfection grow;
The same to me you will explain:
My whole's a fruit I wish to know.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, of London.*

NOW zephyrs flit on airy wing,
And linnets cheer the sylvan grove;
Now from the earth sweet flow'rets spring,
And I attune the lyre to love.
To rose clad scenes, Lucinda, come,
Come share the sweet, the cool alcove;
Come see the bud of beauty bloom;
Come tune with me the lyre of love.
No artifice shall here be found,
No thought that virtue might reprove;
Here peace and pleasure shall abound,
While I attune the lyre to thee.

POETRY.

ENGLAND.

BRAVE isle of the oak! on thy patriarch tree
Science blossoms, where freedom her shelter has taken:
Earth was weigh'd by an acorn, and rul'd is the sea!
What thy Newton had balanc'd thy Nelson has shaken!
Trident queen! may'st thou reign
'Till thy thunder regain
The rights of mankind, in the battles of Spain.
'Till her sword from pollution her empire shall save,
Her flag and her altars, her home and her grave!

Thy shield, gallant Britain! impends from the sky,
Like the star in the east, on the morn of salvation!
Thro' the dark empyrean it bursts on the eye,
The beacon of man in the march of creation!
In the world's sacred war,
Agincourt—Trafalgar,
Thy steeds deck with laurels, and herald thy car!
For, with Spain, thou hast sworn, from pollution to save
Thy flag and thy altars, thy home and thy grave.

THE FLIGHT OF GENIUS.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY, OF SHEFFIELD.

MAJESTIC rising, like the vivid morn,
On wings of wind magnificently borne,
A strong imperial eagle mounts on high,
Cleaves the light clouds, and sails along the sky;
Broad to the sun his kindling breast he turns,
'Till all his plumage in the radiance burns;
While from his eye reanimated light
Breaks, like the day-spring on the brow of night.
Now from the throne of noon his sight he bends,
Where far beneath the dusky world extends,
His boundless vision beams from pole to pole,
Where empires flourish, and where oceans roll;
The radiant palace of the morn he sees,
And the green vales that nurse the evening breeze:
The realms of ice, where tempests dwell forlorn,
And southern seas, where vernal showers are born.
Sublimely thus, with transport unconfin'd,
On wings of immortality, the mind
Thro' nature's infinite dominion soars,
Admires her works, her mysteries explores,
From wisdom's sun imbibes inspiring light,
And glories in the grandeur of her flight;
While far remov'd the grovelling world appears,
A mount of follies, and a vale of tears.

THE DEW-DROP.

OFT have I view'd with pensive eye
The dew-drop sparkling on the flow'r,

How soon beneath the morning sky
Its evanescent glories die,
The nurslings of an hour.

The traveller's foot, the rustling gale,
The summer sun's ascending glow,
Alike its tender frame assail,
Alike with cruel power prevail,
To lay its beauty low.

'Tis thus with man: In darkness born,
He glitters in the dawning beam,
But soon from fair creation torn,
He vanishes in early morn,
Like an aerial dream:

These, stricken on the desert heath
By rude affliction, droop and yield;
And those, below the baleful breath
Of fell disease, retire to death
In life's serener field.

And some there are who court the ray
Of thirsty pleasure's burning sun;
Awhile they bask, awhile they play,
But soon their life-blood wastes away,
And then the sport is done.

But from the grasp of fate below
Virtue has borne a chosen few;
And mark, in yonder beauteous bow,
With what a bright effulgence glow,
The chrystals of immortal dew.

Lines on the great Elm Tree at Basingstoke, cut down May 12, 1808.

MONARCH of elms! now prostrate on the ground,
Long hadst thou brav'd the winter's fiercest blast;
But when the ruthless axe's strokes resound,
Thine ancient grandeur falls, subdued at last.

In vain had time's subduing power assay'd
Thy hallow'd trunk to smite with deadly wound;
Youth grown to age might in the grave be laid,
Ere vegetable death thy branches found.

What varying changes human life has seen,
Since first thy planted root in earth was plac'd!
Farewell, old tree! no more thy branches green,
With spring's returning honours shall be grac'd.

Men die like thee! but man again shall rise,
And flourish in fair verdure in the skies.

THE FAIR DEFENDED.

UNSTAIN'D by vice the lovely Eve,
Nor clothes nor vesture wore;
'Twas sin first whisper'd her to weave
Th' accusing robes she bore.
Hence do our fair, who virtue love,
This badge of sin detest;
Their purity they boldly prove,
By going—quite *undress'd*.